

A N
E L E G Y
O N

The Much Lamented Death of Sir *Henery Echlin*, Bart. late second Baron of his Majesty's Court of *Exchequer*, in *Ireland*, who departed this Life the 29th. of this Instant *November 1725*.

Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.

MOURN! Mourn! ye Nine your *Echlin* now is gone,
Whose Wisdom in this Isle so long has shone,
Deserv'd Applause and merited Renown.

Hibernia mourn, loud Acclamations raise,
Record your Son in Fun'ral Songs of Praise;
Let the Rocks roar, and distant Hills reply,
Let the loud Shouts ascend the vaulted Sky.
Oh! thou wise Judge, observer of the Laws,
Who hast in Life deserv'd so great Applause:
How pale! how dull! thy Face is overspread,
Can you the Censure of the Age now dread?
No, no, 'tis false, in *Abr'am's* Bosom blest,
Clasp'd in the Folds of everlasting Rest:
Thou now looks down, bereft of wordly Cares,
Of knawing Anguish, or distracting Fears.
The Debt of Nature now at last is paid,
And you a Member of the Heaven's are made:
Thou whilst in Life, no Pains did ever spare,
The poor wrong'd Pris'ner with attent to hear;
Thy much sam'd Character, without dispute,
Makes Criticks silent, and all Envy mute.

Epitaph,

HERE Under lies
The Great the **WISE**
Whose everlasting Fame,
For Wholesome **L A W S**
The wretched's Cause
To **AGES** will Remain.